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Northern Messenger

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A Heroic Nation

By Francis Goulding

in the Church of England Newspaper.

Mr. Goulding has been several times in Finland and has friends in all the larger towns. He has been received by the Archbishop, the President and some members of the Cabinet, as well as other notable Finnish personalities.

NO sooner had I landed in Finland than I was given a little Finnish knife to carry from my belt or brace-button. Sharp as a razor and wickedly pointed, it is the kind of knife that every Finn has carried for generations. On its shiny handle, shaped to fit the hand in a downward-thrusting movement, a wolf is etched in gilt.

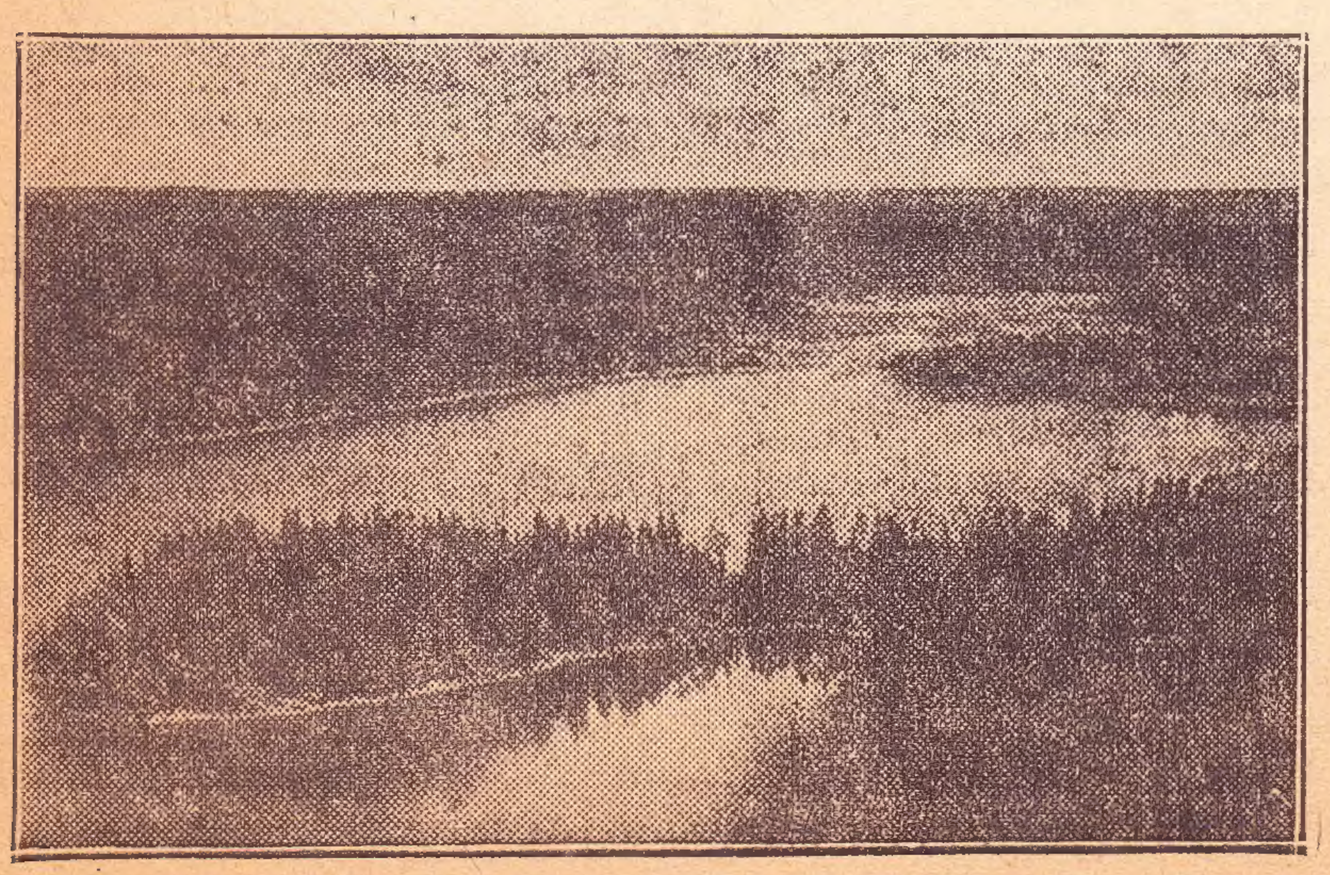
The Finns are a people of fiery passions, and the carrying of these knives in the towns was made illegal some time since. In the woods it has manifold uses to this nation of woodsmen. Through the long summer days they work in the mighty expanses of the Finnish forests; in the dark winters they carve wood in their little wooden houses. But these knives can also quickly take a human life. When tempers are influenced or when a sharp issue arises, a knife may be whipped out and the deed committed before reason or thought has time to take control.

THE novel, *The Seven Brothers*, gives a brilliant picture of the hard toil it has cost this nation of three and a half million people to conquer its expanse of country as large as Britain. There are no great heights anywhere in Finland; it is a country of red granite broken into low-lying undulations. In the hollows between the ridges are 65,000 lakes in whose blue waters are reflected the black firs that cover the face of the whole country.

These forests have provided Finland with her wealth. It was by extraordinary industry that a nation which suddenly lost all its eastward markets when it split with Russia in 1920 should, in the next ten years, conquer for itself a westward market. Yet the Finns not only made themselves staple providers of timber, wood pulp and paper materials for all Europe—they even paid their war debts to America, and worked slowly but surely to raise the standards of living of everyone in the country from the depths to which a hundred years of Russian rule had brought them.

FIELD MARSHAL
BARON MANNERHEIM

This eminent leader of the Finnish forces said: "The greatest gift God could give Finland is unity."



A glimpse of Finland's beautiful lake and forest scenery.

It is for only a short period of the year that the scanty soil among the clearings of the trees is capable of bearing crops. These spring up very fast in the short time of sunshine, but the proportion of nutriment in them is not so great. I never remember seeing a fat Finn, but they are hardy and tremendously energetic. It was only after I had known my friend for several years and been a guest in his home for quite a while that he casually mentioned how he had got back from his business in Russia into Finland after the 1917 revolution. Twice he had swum across the icy waters of Lake Ladoga carrying his clothes above his head. The first time he went back to Russia was to find out how his fiancee

A Heroic Nation

(Continued from Page 1.)

was getting on. The second time was to join the 1919-1920 fighting which won the country its independence.

* * *

SMALL wonder that General Mannerheim said that the greatest gift God could give Finland would be unity. She had been 600 years under Sweden before Russia took over the rulership for a century, but there still remains a minority of Swedish-speaking people in whose hands lie much of the culture and wealth of old Finland. The die-hard Nationalist element among the Finns has long detested this minority, and refused to learn its language, even though it represents the closest link they have with Western civilization. The Swedish speakers have reciprocated sometimes by scorning their neighbors.

So that when Jarl Hemmer, the Swedish-speaking Poet Laureate, spoke Finnish over the Finnish radio in 1938, and said that he did so because he now wanted Jesus Christ to run his life, it was like the shock of a new, positive and constructive revolution through the country.

Not all the Finns were anti-Russian in the war of independence, so that besides fighting the German invaders and the Bolshevik invaders, Finns had to turn against Finns in a bloody war. Some Finns had hoped that a Bolshevik revolution in itself would mean freedom and luxury for them, so hatreds and bitternesses smouldered on. One friend of mine said: "My father was fighting on one side, and my uncle on the other; what friendly relationship could I have with my cousin?" A business man said: "Two friends of mine, directors in their business, were thrown alive into their furnace by their workmen in 1920."

Mr. Herlin, member of the recent Trade Delegation to Britain and America, said in the *Scandinavian Review* that through the working of a vital Christianity the new unity had been coming to Finland in the last few years. Eight leaders of the Nationalist Youth, members of the I.K.L., the "Reclaim Karelia League," went to the Foreign Minister and said to him that, having given their lives to Christ, they now realized that true patriotism demanded of them to give him a united country behind him and that they were sorry for the many occasions on which they had booed him in the streets and obstructed his work.

* * *

THE long darkness and the very great distances between the homesteads made alcohol a tremendous problem, now strictly controlled by the Government. Every farmhouse and every cottage has its "Sauna," its Finnish bath, where once a week the whole family steam themselves and switch themselves with birch twigs in the super-heated room. Then they go out and plunge and roll in the snow. In the towns everyone regularly goes to the public baths. Here there is massage to be had, all done by women who are as strong as highly trained pugilists. We could not of course protest in any language they understood and suffered agonies.

Since the proclamation of their independence Finland has been steadily raising the standards, not only of business and living, but also of culture. They have become omnivorous readers, and the proportion of literature per head of population in Finland is the highest in the world. The *Kalevala*, their national epic, gave Longfellow the model for *Hiawatha*. Sillanpaa is to be given the Nobel Prize this year. Sally Salminan's *Katrina* has been translated into many languages. No better picture exists than *Katrina* of life on the Aaland Islands which helped to start this present dispute.

* * *

I REMEMBER calling on M. Ryti, the present Prime Minister, in the Bank of Finland of which he is director. The bank is of solid stone, built with all the genius of modern Finnish architecture, combining unshakable strength with beauty. It stands in the great white square, dominated by the Russian Cathedral. Beside it is the statue of Snellman, who began the Finnish Nationalist Movement in the last century and whose descendants were the introducers of vital Christianity to Finland. Snellman, though he had a Swedish name, worked to inspire the growth of indigenous culture and of the Finnish language.

Philologists still dispute the origin of this language. Its only traceable relatives in the world are Estonian and Hungarian. It has 15 cases! Its alphabet lacks many of our consonants and sounds very beautiful with the interplay of its many liquids with the hard ts and ks that abound in it.

The Finnish railways still maintain the wide Russian gauge which makes them very comfortable. It is, however, rather a misfortune to Finland just now. They have built roads all over their country, including the famous Arctic Highway, the only road in the world that runs to the Arctic Ocean, straight except where it has to wind to avoid lakes and rivers, from Helsinki through Kajaani, over the flat Lapp country to Petsamo. In the middle of winter there is no daylight at all on its northern parts. In the middle of summer there is no dark, but mosquitoes in quantities. The Lapps and their reindeer seem immune to these pests, but for any visitors they constitute a real trouble.

Since the time of sunshine is so short, the fullest use must be made of it. Every family, working people and others alike, move out from the town to some small island which is their own. Here, mother and the children sunbathe all day long, and father has to sunbathe before breakfast and after work, when the whole family lie in the sun on the beach through the long warm evening hours. It is very hard to go to sleep with the sunlight in your eyes in summer, and driving a car in a northerly direction between 10 at night and 2 in the morning is very difficult because the low-lying northern sun shines straight into your eyes.

* * *

ALL the fire and industry which marks the Finn goes into his religion also. If a Finn is an atheist, he is a violent atheist. Great revivals of religion have taken place at frequent intervals, and it is a solemn and inspiring sight to see 40,000 youths assembling and marching in a torchlight procession with flags and then eagerly and attentively hearkening to one of their Lutheran leaders proclaiming the Gospel. In the background of their independence lies this passionate fervor of faith. Dr. Holsti himself told me a story of his acceptance of national responsibility. As a schoolboy his way home lay past a house of the Grand Duke, the Czar's representative, governing Finland. One day a divine whisper sounded in his mind, saying: "You shall serve me for Finland in that house." On the establishment of the Finnish Republic the house of the Russian Grand Duke was proclaimed the headquarters of Finland's new Foreign Ministry, and Dr. Holsti stepped over the threshold as the first Foreign Minister of the new Finland.

* * *

PRESIDENT KALLIO has worked vigorously for the maintenance of faith throughout Finland. He has set his face against the deadly alcohol. It was no chance that in his courageous addresses to the Finnish nation in their present trial the main theme has been the new unity of Finnish patriotism and Luther's battle anthem, "A mighty fortress is our God, a trusty shield and weapon. He helps us free from every ill that hath us now o'ertaken."

* * *

THE Finns know that conquered Greece conquered her conquerors and gave culture to Rome. They know that subject Palestine gave the world religion. Their new patriotism, learnt

(Please turn to Page 9.)

The Player From Elmdale

Up Hard Low Wrist

by

GORDON PHILIP ENGLAND

Headward

READERS HAVE MET

GEORGE WARREN "the player from Elmdale" now champion goalie of the Silver Lake "Beavers", **TOM EVANS**, captain of the "Beavers", **ALEX CATTLEY**, and **HIRAM WOODARD**, players on the team.

DORIS CARTER, attractive Elmdale girl, and **DICK**, her brother, friends of George.

ROSE WHITE, lively independent sixteen-year-old who resents George's good advice and insists on seeing "the PARKMAN GIRLS"—and following their not-so-good leadership

However prospects look bright for George's hockey team.

GEORGE skated home with a light heart. He had fully regained the team's confidence, had had a very pleasant outing, and the future looked rosy. Yes, under such circumstances, life was worthwhile. Very worthwhile.

Sunday was a quiet day. George attended church in the morning. Silver Lake folk were a church-going people, so most of the hockey team were there. George talked for a few minutes with some of the boys after the service, then returned home, getting there just in time for Sunday dinner. After dinner, he read an interesting book about travels in the Orient, and remained at home during the evening so that his parents and Marjorie could go to the night service. According to regulations, it was necessary for some member of the family to remain on guard at the hatchery.

It was fortunate that someone was there that night, for one of the pipes running through a trough containing thousands of newly hatched trout plugged and had not George taken quick action the loss would have been heavy. But, owing to his prompt, efficient measures, he managed to save most of the fish.

Monday was a day of hard work at the hatchery. Late that night came a telephone call from Tom Evans. Tom was excited—and jubilant. News had just come through that Silver Lake hopes had been realized. In a close, hard-fought game that night between Elmdale and Copperton, the latter had defeated the boys in green-and black in the last ten minutes of play. The win did not materially affect the standing of the cellar team but was a severe blow to Elmdale, for the loss of the match dropped her into second place. Silver Lake now topped all other teams in the league, and if she could defeat the Tigers on Wednesday night, she would almost surely capture the championship.

No wonder the manager of the Beavers was happy.

"It's the best news yet!" he shouted over the 'phone. 'I can hardly wait for Wednesday night. Every man will be on his toes ready to go—and with you in goal, Granite Wall, we'll show that Elmdale crowd a thing or two. Just wait and see!"

George was smiling as he hung up. He shared his manager's enthusiasm.

The Wednesday night game was scheduled for eight o'clock. At half past seven the Elmdale squad drove in, followed by two large trucks crammed with Elmdale fans. Among these was Doris Carter.

"Carter! Carter!" yelled the Elmdale fans.

In spite of her liking for George, Doris was a wholehearted Elmdale supporter. She acted as cheer- leader for the Elmdale fans, and carried an Elmdale banner. But, although she wanted her home team to win, she knew it would be a hard match—especially with George in goal. She was sure that he would give a good account of himself.

She looked eagerly around in search of him, but to her surprise and disappointment he was not in sight. She had hoped that he would be there early so that she could have a few minutes with him before the game. But, although several Silver Lake players were on the ice, George was not among them. Was he still in the dressing-room?

Slim Jackson caught sight of Doris, and skated over.

"Looking for someone, Doris?" he grinned. "Won't I do?"

She favored him with a smile.

" 'Fraid not, Slim. But you might help. I was looking for George. Is he inside?

Slim shook his head.

"No, he's not here yet. Funny thing, too, for he's always on time. But, something must have delayed him. Don't worry, though, one can always depend on Granite Wall. He'll be along any moment."

So Doris settled back to wait.

Minutes passed, however, and still George failed to put in an appearance. Not only Doris, but his team mates also, began to grow anxious.

In the dressing-room, Tom Evans, usually as cool as the proverbial cucumber, fretted and stewed.

"What ever can be holding up Granite Wall?" he exclaimed. "Here it is only three minutes to playing time and still he hasn't shown up. And he's not the kind to be late without some good reason. Say, this is serious. Something must have happened up at the hatchery. But, in that case, surely he'd have called and let us know."

Ray Parsons, one of the substitute players, volunteered to telephone from the nearest house—about a hundred yards away. He sprinted over and made the call, reappearing just as the game was about to begin.

"I got the call through all right," he reported. 'Mrs. Warren said he started at the usual time. Something must have held him up, Tom."

Tom looked irritated. But, with a visible effort, he controlled himself.

Already, in the face of the emergency, he had taken action. He had ordered Alex to take over George's position in the cage, and had sent in a sub, Sam Holt, to fill the gap in the defence. Alex now stood ready in the nets. He knew he was not George's equal as a goalkeeper, but he meant to do his best. So, too, did young Holt.

Ben Wallace, short, chunky and efficient, was between the Elmdale goal posts. Next to George himself, he was rated the best goalie in the league.

The other players, too, were ready, each in his respective position. At centre-ice Slim Jackson and Dick Carter faced each other, alert as hawks.

The line-up was as follows:

Silver Lake	Position	Elmdale
Cattley	goal	Wallace
Woodard	r. defence	Ellis
Holt	l. defence	Hastings
Jackson	centre	Carter
Evans	r. wing	Nault
Macey	l. wing	Shepherd

Silver Lake subs: Saunders, Parsons, Blake and West.

(Please turn to Page 11.)

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire, Donald and Jean barely escaping. Donald, now out of work, tries hard to get a worthwhile job. Meeting with continued failure he gets completely discouraged.

DESPITE his love to Jean, despite his previous determination to win through, he began slowly to go to the Devil.

It is a familiar story. It belongs not to fiction, but to life. Looking on as observers we realize that had he sought inspiration in that long-forgotten Bible left him by his father things need not have been as they were. Every man's fortune is our poor man's fortune: he comes with the handicap of heredity and environment, but he comes likewise with the influence of the Bible and for all that it upholds. So many, like Donald, live on only part of their inheritance—they seek to exist on their handicaps while ignoring their allies.

Donald began to live on half his fortune. The Bible lay locked away, never opened. What became the determining factor of life henceforth was his heritage of earthly things.

He lived on them fully. Alone, miserable in his room he argued, "I ought not to allow a girl to help me up to security."

That was the first step. The next is easily understandable. "I'm a failure. I'll never make any headway in life."

The third step came directly afterwards quite logically. "If I'm a failure then, though I'm fond of Jean, I ought not to aspire to her, make use of her friendship. And I'm only making it more difficult for her at home. I ought to cut myself adrift before things go too far."

The fourth step was putting this resolve into action. He changed his lodgings, with the thought, "If ever I make good I'll come back for Jean. If not I have no right to her—no right to her friendship even——"

If such reasoning worked out in tragedy only in fiction it would have no place in the life story of Donald Fairbairn. It is because men every day advance on life with logic and resolves so mistaken that the great book of life is stranger than any the novelists write.

It is probably true of life that most men who go to the Devil, do so in easy stages.

Donald Fairbairn made a great fight for it at first, but the trouble was, desire was there—the heavy portion of his father's legacy, a desire for strong drink. Miserable, lonely, money dwindling fast, no prospects, hope lost of ever being any, smarting under the insult and unkindness of his uncle, feeling himself more and more a failure, it was fatally easy to feed one's moroseness at first on whisky purchased in secret to be carried home in a flask.

After that the discovery was soon made that it was more pleasant to drink in company than to drink alone. So the public house became his destination after hours of loneliness in lodgings. Drinking in company is more expensive than drinking alone.

It was company that Donald craved. It was there he found it; where men have found it so often, in the bar-parlor. Here he wasted his money, drank out of him his finer nature night after night, with diminishing thought of the future. While Jean sought him anxiously, he sank lower and lower until his self-respect was torn to tatters, and only the rags of his former self covered the bare bones of the man he had been.

One night towards Christmas he was nearly desperate. So greatly reduced was he that even his fuddled nature was beginning to realize that unless he stopped, and stopped right soon, he would be out in the gutter without home or sustenance.

This was his feeling at six that evening. By closing time he was ravingly, savagely drunk. They put him out.

It was a sorry night for Donald. The police got him. Two burly men raised him up, ready to march him off.

Then a voice was heard, though at the time Donald did not recognize it.

"It's all right, officer," the voice said. "I ken yon fellow verra well. I'll be responsible for him—I'll see him home—no need to run him in——"

It was the voice of Jock Campbell.

From the night of Donald's rescue from the police by Jock Campbell the rough habitue of the lowest streets of the City, he drifted into that morbid state so characteristic of the sensitive mind. It was not repentance; it was selfish self-pity, brooding regret for the white page that had been sullied, emphasis upon what he personally had lost rather than upon the effect of his actions upon God.

There was one light which burned brightly even in the gloom. This was the discovery of Jock Campbell's friendship. In his rough and ready way the rough diamond of the Glasgow gutters sought to express his gratitude. He took him into his own home and did what he could for him.

"It's jolly good of you," Donald would say, sitting over the meals which Jock's mother provided. "I'm nothing to you. Yet you have not hesitated to take me in and do your best for me."

"Dinna mention it, man," the rough fellow would say with an awkward laugh. "Do unto others—that's Jock Campbell's motto—it's a poor sort of life if we can't pay debts of friendship. I'm no saint, man, but if a body helps you, you ought to help him. Same as if a bloke coshes you with a bottle tonight, you cosh *him* as soon as you get the chance." He would laugh again, showing uneven discolored teeth. He was not at all a prepossessing character to look at; and his philosophy of life was as crude as his rugged exterior. But his view of human relationships certainly stood Donald in good stead now.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Donald told him one day. "I've no money—no job—nothing at all: I reckon I'm just about through."

"What about that girl you were sweet on—can't she do anything for you?" he grinned artfully.

Donald shook his head vigorously. "That's not my way at all. I'd sooner die than let her know I'd got into this mess. In any case I couldn't accept help from her. I'm a Scot the same as you."

Jock nodded to show that he appreciated the point. "I ken your true feelings. And the less truck we have with capitalists the sooner the world will be put right. That's another of my mottoes."

"Oh, no, I don't mean on that account," said Donald hastily. Then he broke off, not wishing to enter into political controversy at this point.

"It's right," Jock continued sullenly. "There'll never be any peace for the world so long as the wealthy classes rule the roost." He leaned over towards his friend confidentially. "We're going to teach some of the big men in Glasgow a lesson they'll never forget. It might interest you to know that some of the boys have a certain shipyard marked down—there's going to be a merry little show out there one of these fine nights. If you care to join us—"

Donald looked at his benefactor with a startled light in his eyes; he seemed to divine what was in Jock's mind, and the name of the man who was to suffer. "You mean you're going to——?"

"I mean we're going to smash up old Fairbairn's yard one night. He's been

coming it a bit thick lately about the workers. Did you see in the Evening News the other night what he had been saying about the Means Test?"

Donald suddenly felt as angry as he was afraid. He had no love for his uncle, but in this wild, mad scheme Jean would be indirectly involved. "I say, Jock, you can't do a thing like that!"

"Can't we? You just wait and see, young fellow. There'll be a first class sensation in Glasgow before you're many days older." He winked knowingly.

"But look here, Jock. That's not playing the game. Besides, it's bad tactics. Don't you fellows realize that the new world you want will never come by force—only by fellowship, mutual understanding? If you——"

"That's all a lot of rot!" Jock said, swearing. "There can't be understanding with a chap like Fairbairn—not with any of these moneybag fellows—if they were capable of understanding anything they would have understood the lot of the workers years ago. The only way to deal with them is to touch what they value most——"

"Look here, Jock, if you only treated them as you did me—show friendship in all the great things of life——"

"I'm friendly with them what's friendly with me. Besides, *you're* not a Capitalist. That's the gospel of Communism, my boy; to your own class friendship, to all other classes war to the knife: in other words, it's what I said before. If a chap hits you, you hit him back——"

"Supposing I warned Fairbairn about this?" Donald's' eyes were flashing. He felt that in this matter the Communists were taking part in a movement that was wickedly unfair. "I shall——"

"Jock's able to answer that question," came the reply. "You warn Fairbairn and the boys would have you marked for life. We'd call out the gang—you wouldn't be able to call your body or your soul your own for the rest of your time——"

* * *

FOR Jean, too, these were days of thick darkness. The girl had arrived at that stage when the first real cloud over the sun of life had brought her to a sense of utter futility.

What was the use of living at all? She had tried to serve her day and generation. The experiment had failed. Mankind could not be rescued from the darkness of its own ignorance. You could not lift humanity even when you went armed with your own sacrifice of money and time.

That was not the worst of it, however. There were other disturbing elements in the facts of existence. She dwelt, for instance, in a home, a city, a world, where selfishness was rampant, where only the privileged had rights,

Treasury

For the Messenger.

You have a treasury
Hidden apart,
For keeping of beauty:
Men call it a heart.

But He who designed it
Of beauty untold,
Destined it for treasure
Much greater than gold.

Love, true and tender;
And kindness and worth.
Faith that out-jewels
The gems of the earth.

And all of God's splendid
And bounteous days
Locked in forever
With prayer and praise.

—*R. H. Grenville.*

Victoria, B.C.

where the deciding factor was not worth of character, but things. Look at her stepfather now! He was like the man in the Bible. All his years he had been 'pulling down his barns to build greater', and in the process he had lost his soul. Only the tragedy was, he did not know. Then she thought of the drifting masses of the great city, and brooded deeply upon the mystery of inequality.

The most disturbing element of all was the fact that love had come, bringing its pain, its demands, its insistence on sacrifice.

"I must find him," Jean would think, "whatever the cost. Even if it breaks up family life here, even if Donald himself misunderstands me I must seek to bring him back to a saner view of things. He's obstinate—he's proud—but if only I can show him that love means sharing—the breaking down of all false barriers of pride——"

It was one thing to contemplate the ideal in isolation. It was quite another thing to put into practice the intention. To begin with where should she begin? How find him? Where look for him? Glasgow was not as large as some cities, but even so it would be no easy matter combing those many hiding places where men as unfortunate as he constantly resorted. For another thing what proof had she that Donald was still in Glasgow? Supposing he had gone right away—perhaps right back to Canada as often he had hinted he would?

"Oh, dear," thought Jean, "I wish I knew what to do." If only some light of revelation would break from somewhere and show her the way!

* * *

YET light of a kind did break, though at the time she did not discern it as the light she desired. Of all things in the world, it came in the likeness of Arnold M'Nair.

Now Jean, these days, was revising her opinion somewhat of the tall minister. Hitherto she had regarded him as a spineless, characterless nonentity. But as a matter of fact something was happening to Arnold. He was beginning to find his feet. Like many young ministers he had stepped out in complete ignorance of the demands of a modern ministry. He had come to his new charge with his head chock full of theories: but he knew little of human nature. He was at home with German estimates of the place of the Pentateuch in modern criticism, but he knew little of the besetting sins of church people. He did not know that only as a minister loved men back to God could he be regarded as successful.

And like many other young ministers who have come to a new charge at the beginning of life with a sense of self-sufficiency and equipment, he had been thrown right back on God during the first months of failure. Six months ago he had been self-assured. Now he saw himself as a blind leader of the blind who had far to go before even the first glimmerings of power could come to his ministry. He was growing in character—a new light was in his eyes—a new strength in his preaching. He had now touched the source of all power.

Jean found him more likeable in his new way of life. She sympathized with him, too. She had heard rumors of the conflict: Arnold at the church in conflict with Robert Fairbairn and others concerning the place and importance of things mattering most in modern church life.

He came one evening to talk over certain matters when Robert Fairbairn happened to be away from home. Jean unexpectedly found herself alone with him in the drawing-room.

(To Be Continued.)

A friend once asked Mr. J. R. Lowell how long he was going to speak at a certain function.

"About twenty minutes," replied Lowell.

"Take my advice, James," said his friend, "if you don't strike oil in five minutes, stop boring."

A Scotchman had been away from home for eleven years. When he returned he found his five brothers wearing long beards.

"Why the hair-r?" he asked as he confronted the group.

"Dinna ye remember? Ye took the razor with ye."

"I've just put over a big deal. I traded that old horse of mine for a load of hay."

"What's the good of a load of hay if you haven't got a horse?"

"The man says he'll be willing to lend me the horse long enough to eat up the hay."

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We cannot pay for Poems.

FEBRUARY 16, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : He went into a solitary place and prayed.—Mark 1:35

Mon. : I have prayed that thy faith fail not. —Luke 22:32

Tue. : Paul kneeled down and prayed with them all.—Acts 20:36

Wed. : Samuel said, I will pray for you.— 1 Sam. 7:5.

Thu. : Evening, morning and at noon will I pray.—Ps. 55:17

Fri. : When ye pray use not vain repetitions.—Matt. 6:7

Sat. : Watch and pray.—Matt. 26:41

Sun. : God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you. 1 Sam. 12:23

"Labor warms: sloth harms."

It is a terrible thing to carry about a sense of guilt.—Norman Peale.

"Those who believe in the sun-rising can be cheerful, however dark the night."

This is the curse of every evil deed, that propagating still, it brings forth evil.—Coleridge.

Thank God for beginnings of New Years, new months, new weeks—after every twenty-four hours, a new day, with the sun rising over a new world.

Transformation

AS a working hypothesis, no age and no race of men can ever go beyond Christ's simple dictum, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." It comes not by observation, but imperceptibly, as one particle after another is added to one's stature, so by every thought, word, and deed, that kingdom has woven its warp and woof. has wrought out its wonderful beauty in our own breasts.

All pure habits, all health and sanity of brain make for the kingdom of heaven. The steady pulse, the calm and quiet thought, the splendid equipoise of will, the patient industry that forges right straight on and cannot be abashed or turned aside, these make for the kingdom of heaven.

The helpful hand outstretched to whatsoever beside us may crawl or creep, or cling and climb, is a hand whose very motion is a part of the dynamic forces of the kingdom of heaven.

The Spirit of God, by His divine alchemy, works in us to transform, to recreate, to vivify our entire being, in spirit, soul, and body until we ourselves incarnate a little section of the kingdom of heaven.—Frances E. Willard.

"Not Unto Us"

At the battle of Agincourt, Henry V. of England figured; and it is said, after the battle was won, the King wanted to acknowledge the Divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read a Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be the praise," the King dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted; and all the great host of officers and men threw themselves on their faces.

Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, let us prostrate ourselves before Him now, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven crying: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory!"—Talmage.

Bear it With Christ

"BEAR ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "Every man shall bear his own burden." Both are true.

Your greatest comfort, when you are bruised and broken by the hands of your fellow-men is to realise that the cross you bear must be of God's permitting or you would not have to bear it. Bear it with Christ and for Christ.

Do not expect much from human nature; do not blame it too harshly; withhold not your sympathy from them that unwittingly hurt you, nor your pardon from them that despitefully use you. For it is to your own Master and Saviour, and to Him alone, that you stand or fall.—C. E. N.

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS

(Southern Churchman.)

SOME time ago we commented on the use of flowers at funerals, suggesting that fewer flowers be used and that those who wanted to express their sympathy in some tangible form do so by a gift to some worthy cause in memory of the person who had passed on. A note or card can be sent to the family telling them of the gift.

Recently we received an account of a funeral for which it was requested that no flowers be sent. The reason for their omission was that the interment was to be in the church, and consequently there was no place to leave the flowers. The only flowers in sight were those on the altar.

One man sent a card saying that he was sending a cheque to a charitable institution as a memorial.

What we are particularly interested in is the reaction of the congregation that was accustomed to seeing flowers banked in the chancel on such occasions. It is reported that they were so favorably impressed that it has been suggested that the vestry pass a resolution forbidding the use of flowers in the church with the exception of course of those on the altar.

Again we want to make it clear that there is no objection to flowers in themselves. Nothing is more appropriate on such an occasion than a limited number. When, however, they are sent in great quantities their value is largely only in the card that goes with them. One florist said the decision not to use flowers at the funeral we referred to caused him to lose the sale of an order of one thousand dollars.*

Our suggestion is that the use of flowers be limited and that a better way of expressing our sympathy be found. Sometimes the money can be used for the bereaved family. Sometimes it may make possible the education of a child. If it is not needed for these purposes or cannot be graciously tendered, it can always be used for a worthy cause, or given to a charitable institution.

Who can doubt that this is a more worthwhile way to express our sympathy than to add another wreath to those that are already piled high over a grave? Certainly it seems more in keeping with the spirit of Christ, and with the desire of His followers for themselves or for their loved ones.

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*How much better it would have been if those flowers had been bought for poor invalids who could have enjoyed them.

Young People's Bible Reading

"God Trusts Us"

by BARAN

For Sunday
FEB. 25, 1940.
Matthew 25: 14-27.

IT is now the afternoon of Tuesday in Holy Week. Since morning it had been a struggle with one or other group of His enemies. "He is now about to leave these Temple courts for ever. But first He must openly pronounce His terrible woes on their hypocrisy and wickedness. . . . Perhaps it will startle them, or startle the people and make them think about their sin. I want to impress on you that our Lord could be very angry. Some people don't understand that. . . But if the rich ill-treat the poor, and the crafty cheat the simple; if a big strong bully ill-use a little girl, what would you think of the man who could not feel anger and indignation. . . .

"Who were the helpless our Lord was angry for? The poor, ignorant crowds, like sheep without a shepherd. —Who were injuring them? Their clergy and teachers. . . . God had given these men cleverness and learning, and high position as leaders of His people, and therefore their sin was the more terrible. And therefore His indignation the stronger. And with all the indignation there was pity even for these wicked men. The indignation is there, but what most strikes us is the deep compassion in the warnings that the end of these evil tempers must be woe and ruin to them and to their country.

"The last verses of the chapter prove that His sorrow and pity were even deeper than His anger. In the midst of His stern words His voice suddenly breaks, as He thinks of all His hopes, and efforts, and longings to save that Jewish race, and how all had been foiled and rejected.

"Such a simple, homely figure, and yet how full of beautiful meaning! A hen, when the hawk soars up into the sky, in terrible anxiety calling the little chickens to shelter 'And ye would not'. . . . That is the sad complaint of Christ in the world still. . . . Don't let it be so. . . . Don't disappoint the strong patient love that is over you. . . . Cling to Him. Nestle close to Him. Pray to Him always:—

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."
(Paterson Smyth)

"FAITHFUL IN LITTLE"

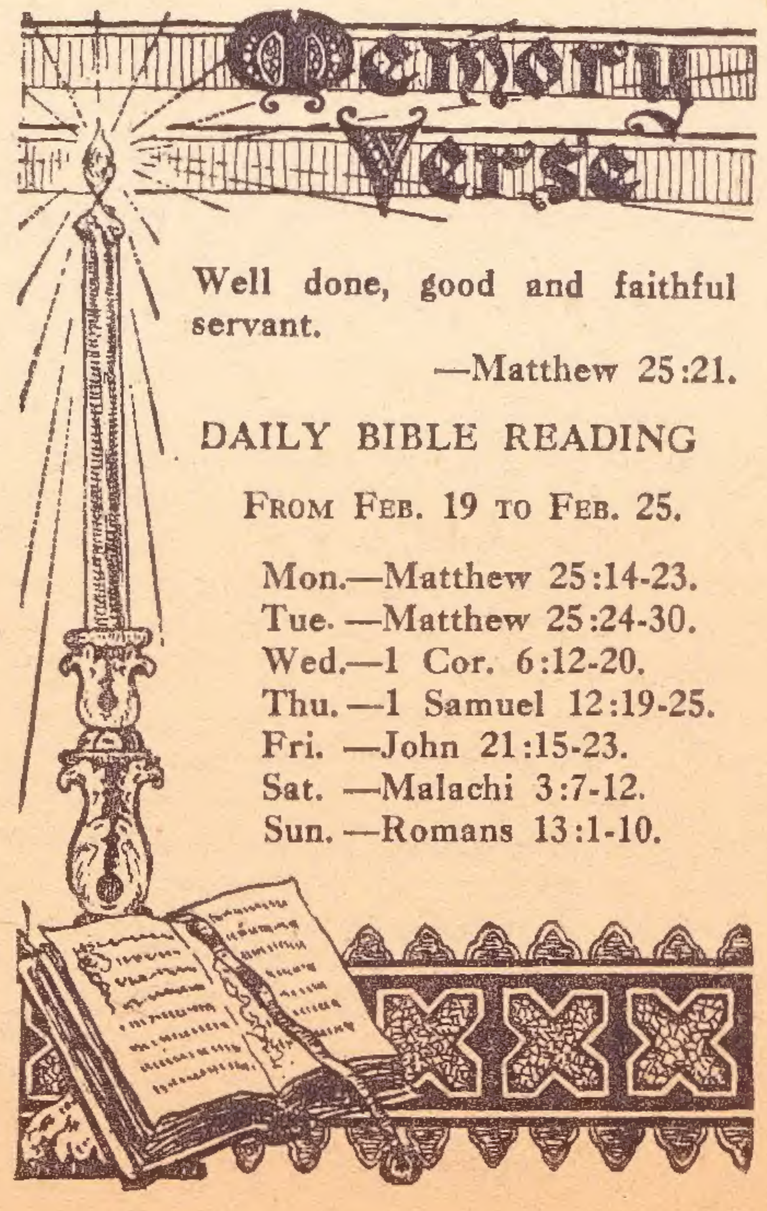
IT was just after this (Mark 12:41-44; Luke 21:1-4) when, weary with the strain of the day, He sat over against the treasury, that our Lord saw the poor widow casting in her two mites. After His long conflict with the self-seeking priests and Pharisees how His heart must have been refreshed and lifted up at this poor woman's goodness and generosity! He said that she had given more than all the great gifts of the wealthy because she had given "all that she had, even all her living."

The sun was nearing its setting when He and the Twelve left the Temple. After crossing the Kidron they ascended Olivet and turned to look back on the city. Here as day darkened into night He told them many mysterious and wonderful things, as usual illustrating His teaching with stories. One of these stories is the subject of our study today.

Nothing more daring has ever been seen upon the earth than Christ's confidence in men. . . . 'I have called you not servants but friends,' he said to a company of men who must have blushed to think what manner of friends they were. And these men, just because He had called them friends, were able to overturn the world and change the whole course of human history. His parables of the pounds, the talents, and many more, are the proclamation to every man and woman that all they have is to be regarded as God's trust to them.

* * *

If He has first trusted us, then must we not only trust Him, but act worthily of the trust He has placed in us. To realize that one has been so trusted is to be put on one's honor. . . . If at every hour and for every duty one is upon one's honor, then plainly there can be no shrinking and no compromise.—John Kelman.



Memory Verse

Well done, good and faithful servant.

—Matthew 25:21.

DAILY BIBLE READING

FROM FEB. 19 TO FEB. 25.

Mon.—Matthew 25:14-23.
Tue.—Matthew 25:24-30.
Wed.—1 Cor. 6:12-20.
Thu.—1 Samuel 12:19-25.
Fri.—John 21:15-23.
Sat.—Malachi 3:7-12.
Sun.—Romans 13:1-10.

He had given "one talent." But any man entrusted with such a sum should have made some good use of it. Note the servant had not stolen the money or wasted it. He did not trust his master's justice and goodness. He thought of him as "a hard man" and "was afraid" of his anger if his business ventures should prove unfortunate. So he hid the talent in the earth and he says to his master, rather rudely, "Lo, there thou hast that is thine."

He doesn't consider that all this time he has been living in his master's house, and has been fed and clothed at his master's expense.

His master sees where the fault lies, he is wicked and slothful. He had no loyalty, no sense for adventure. His inaction had proceeded from his laziness. "If too lazy to trade, he might at least, have deposited the money with the bankers and have received a little interest." (Box)

So the talent is taken from him and given to a man who will make better use of it, and the unprofitable servant is punished. As we have often seen, "The punishment of sin is inseparably bound up with itself." (Drummond)

(Please turn to Page 8.)

HEALTH BEHAVIOUR IN SCHOOL

IN Ontario's new program for elementary schools, health has been given a foremost place. Hon. Dr. L. J. Simpson, Minister of Education for Ontario, in the last issue of *"Health"* pointed out that in the new program the goal of health education will be health behaviour—"Not what the child knows about health, but what he does about it."

In the past, health has been merely a subject for pupils to study so as to be able to answer questions. Often a pupil would pass a test with flying colors, but there would be no improvement in his or her health. The new plan is to inspire pupils to do something about their own health.

There will be regular checking of health habits to see that knowledge and practice go hand in hand, along with a carefully planned course of exercises in physical training. The new program also implies daily, as well as annual or semi-annual examination of pupils individually. By this means, diseases in their early stages will be detected, as well as deficiencies in height, weight, hearing and sight.

In making provision for greater attention to health, Ontario's educational authorities have revised values placed on different studies. For example, arithmetic has long been given first place; now it will be in a possible fifth place of importance. "It has been all too common" says the Minister of Education "to find the fresh morning hours and at least thirty per cent of the day's working hours, as well as the bulk of home work, devoted to this study."—Health League of Canada.

Bodily fatigue affects the senses less than thought.—Quintilian.

WINTER IN CANADA

Canadian winters
Are clear and cold.
The sun on the snowdrifts
Shines like gold.

The frosty air
Is crisp and dry.
The winds sweep down
From an azure sky.

Over rolling hills
Enveloped in snow,
Traced in careless design,
The ski-trails go.

Skaters in rhythmic
Movement swing.
True joy enlivens
Everything.

The heavenly Artist's
Master hand
Casts a mystic charm
Over all the land.

—*Richard Callan in Montreal Star.*

Trinidad

TRINIDAD, "Land of the Humming Bird," is the most southern of the British West Indies group. Nature has so lavishly endowed the island of Trinidad with tropical wonders and attractions as to make one long scene of beauty and variety.

To mention only a few of these wonders, are the famous Pitch Lake at La Brea, a vast deposit of bituminous matter, one of the seven natural wonders of the world, the Botanical Gardens, and the Saddle Drive over mountainous motor roads overlooking the city below and presenting a wide panorama of land rich in tropical foliage, and beyond, the sparkling sea.—C.N.R.

"GOD TRUSTS US"

(Continued from Page 7.)

"Privilege Means Responsibility"

IN His parable of the Wicked Husbandmen our Lord had given His nation a solemn warning. (21:41) They had closed their ears to that warning. With these twelve men whom He had called out of the nation He is founding His Church, the new Israel. With it also privilege means responsibility. History has told of churches, of nations, of systems, of civilizations to which much has been entrusted. Where their greatness has failed truly "through craven fears of being great" they have, quite literally, passed into outer darkness.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

* * *

For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

As with nations and churches, so with individuals. From this story we get our word "talent" meaning any special gift which has been entrusted to us. "What is meant by talents? Gifts, endowments, advantages, opportunities given by God to His servants. Have boys and girls got any? Tell me what they are, for this whole story has reference to you. . . . Notice that Christ recognizes no case of having *no* talent. Everyone of you here has something given him by God."

"The Joy of thy Lord"

ALL gifts in the story were given for trading, to enrich the master. Our talents, and gifts and opportunities are not merely for ourselves. "God gives them as a means of making profit for Him. What profit does He want? Gains for Himself? Surely not. But God has a tremendous work to do for this poor world to make it happier, and holier, and nobler in every way. . . . No boy or girl or Church, or nation ever received any gift or endowment for himself alone; but that he might with it help others, and make life happier and nobler."

God has set 'to every man his work.' He has sent each of us not merely to keep from doing harm but to work. "Fancy a builder coming to his men, and finding them all idle, and boasting that they had done no harm! How silly it would seem! What is the work set you? At present to be kindly and unselfish, to be earnest in religion, to do your school-work and other work given you, and so develop your talents for bigger work hereafter; by-and-by to do your part for God, to help to make life better and happier for men." (Paterson Smyth)

How are talents increased? By use. A blacksmith's arm increases in strength by using it. If from boyhood it had been bound to his side it would have lost all power. "If a boy's mind were never exercised with thought or with lessons, it would become stupid. . . . The same with a soul's life. If a man never obeys conscience, never thinks of God, never prays, his conscience will get dulled, he will find it more and more difficult to think of God or to pray. . . . That is the explanation of many a dead, careless life today. It is a terrible warning. . . .

"When a man has developed his talents, and abilities, and spiritual life given to him, what is God's reward? . . . The reward is grander, and higher work. . . . All who have done useful work for God below will be rewarded by doing nobler and higher, unselfish work for all eternity above. . .

"Life there is so full of God, and of joyous unselfish work for others in His presence. . . . That is the 'joy of the Lord' into which we shall enter, the joy of unselfish service in joyous, eternal youth for ever." (Paterson Smyth)

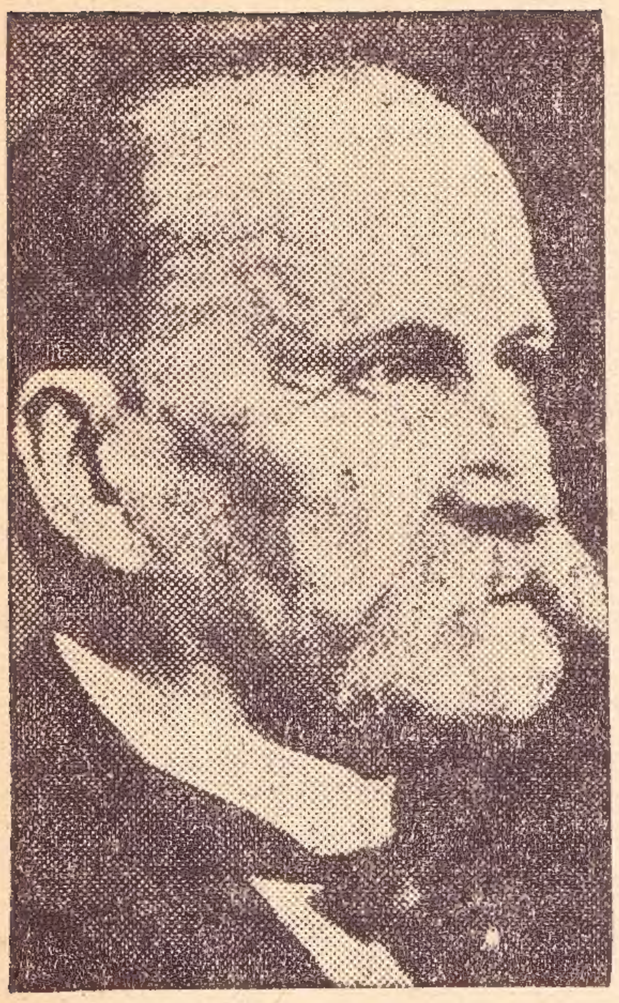
And don't let us be discouraged if we think that God has only given us one talent. Let us use it faithfully and joyfully. Helen Keller, without sight, speech or hearing, became an accomplished woman and a blessing to others. Many men and women who have lost health and fortune have refused to be daunted. Trusting in God they have carried on, helping others and so even here and now have entered into the joy of their Lord.

Questions

1. **Where and when did our Lord tell this story?**
2. **To whom did He tell it?**
3. **What did the story mean?**
4. **Does God entrust "talents" to us?**
5. **How should we use them?**
6. **"Well done good and faithful servant—" Complete the verse.**

(For Answers, please turn to Page 12.)

Real Christianity consists of the expression, in our everyday living, of that inner experience of Christ's transforming, directing, empowering presence.—Rev. J. Sayers, Melbourne, Australia.



PRESIDENT KYOSTI KALLIO
OF FINLAND

A Heroic Nation

(Continued from Page 2.)

during these last years, has been arming them with the consciousness of a national destiny to teach the world the secret of unity through God's guidance. Many of them are determined to carry this knowledge of God to all with whom they come in contact. Who knows but they may yet be apostles to restore religion where God has been denied?

*The head of their radio, Mr. Heikinheimo, and many of his collaborators, including the two official commentators who were appointed for the 1940 Olympic games, had seen that occasion as Finland's opportunity to bear witness to the world of the victories God was winning amongst them. To these gentlemen themselves and their families Christ had come as a new and living experience in the last two years. They know that their warfare is not solely against flesh and blood. Spiritual forces have been released through them of which their opponents know little, and of whose outcome none of us can prophesy. One thing we know, and they know, that in the faith that listens and obeys, they are secure whatever fate attacks them, and their cause is bound to win the ultimate victory, even if by unexpected ways.

INTERESTING LETTERS

THE following extracts of letters received by Mr. Francis Goulding from some of his friends in Finland since the outbreak of war with Russia will be of interest.

An English lady who has lived in Finland since the Great War and has been consulted by many leaders of the Finnish nation wishing to learn English writes: "In the midst of all this violence and distraction it is wonderful to have peace in our own hearts and find ways of showing others how we have found it.

"Yesterday I had a telephone message from Tampere asking if I could procure from England New Testaments or small helpful books in Russian for the prisoners here. Gertrud has already obtained all they had from the branch office of the British and Foreign Bible Society here, but there were only about a dozen and they want 'hundreds.' God has put His plan clearly to Pastor Korpinen.*

"Weather is glorious, brilliant sunshine, some snow, yesterday —12 degrees Centigrade, today —2, and a wild snowstorm between. We women are getting used to air alarms and to sitting in the hall of this wooden house with our warm clothes on, waiting to spring out in case of fire, or for the 'All clear.'

"Many miracles are being wrought, so little damage compared with the amount of attack, but the pilots seem to have little heart for their work.

"C.E.N. still comes regularly, though nearly two weeks on the way. My New Year message is that we can bring peace on earth by having peace in our own hearts by keeping our contacts with God and man clean and sensitive.

" 'God keep you all.' "

A man who is the purchasing manager for one of the large pulp firms wrote:

"The East and West meet now and we have to receive the first blows, as we have done over 1,000 years. If the wave of barbarism is not stopped here at our borders, much damage will be done to the European civilization.

"We don't understand what God has in store for us. Anyhow this struggle for life has brought this country to a unity never dreamt of before. The nation is like a granite block.

"Naturally God speaks in times like this to practically all the nation, and the language He uses is strong, but probably necessary. Something more honest and pure will certainly be the outcome of it."

*Finnish airmen have flown repeatedly over Leningrad and other centres dropping copies of the New Testament and Gospels, which they believe will have a potent effect on the Red Army!

A good deal other constructive work of a similar kind is being done by the Finns backed up by British people in Helsingfors.

The British and Foreign Bible Society in London have responded to the appeal from Finland, and are doing all they can to help in the distribution of Scripture to Russians.

*The head of the Finnish radio.

DR. RUDOLPH HOLSTI
FOREIGN MINISTER OF FINLAND

Everlasting, Worthwhile

There are certain eternal values which are everlastingly worth while, things that are not futile and that never grow obsolete, such as Justice and Liberty. Not to be able to distinguish the futilities from the eternal values is to be a fool; I have a great kindness—based perhaps on a fellow feeling—for the fool, but I refuse to treat him as a wise man.—Professor Walter Murdoch.

The Christian Solution

A CERTAIN Chinese Christian recently broadcast this message from somewhere in China:

" 'Christians hold the world together!' That sentence has been ringing in my ears all the week as a challenge. Would I be found to have enough faith and courage and devotion to hold a little part of the world together for some people who might look to me in time of need? Would you?

Many of our fellow Christians have been doing just that. And if anything is sadly certain, I am afraid it is that as the weeks drag on there will be increasing suffering, disruption of the orderly processes of life, disintegration of those constructive forces ordinarily at work in society.

Who is going to hold the world together for many people then? Who will give life any meaning, who will supply the necessary staying power, that not only quietly endures, but traces the rainbow through the rain, and keeps on working?

Our work as Christians has only just begun. For the Lord Jesus Christ came to hold the world together and make it presentable before the throne of God." —Evangelical Christian.

DEAR CHUMS,—

I am sure that everyone of you enjoys a good riddle. Guessing riddles is such a good pastime that people are always working to add to their store of puzzlers—to make new riddles out of old ones and discover riddles that are new to them and their friends. It is just as much fun—if not more—to "try out" riddles "on our friends" as it is to guess them ourselves.

So now we are giving you a chance to try your best riddles on a Canada-wide audience. Write out that one really exceptionally good riddle you learned on your summer holiday and the jolly ones you picked up at Christmas time and send them to the Mail Bag this very week. Every riddle accepted by the Editors will be printed on Page 13 under "Keep Your Wits Working" and the name of the sender will be given. Perhaps if a very good set of riddles comes in, a prize may be awarded. I shall be able to tell you more about that next week.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

The School Valentine Party

By EILEEN LANG (Aged 12)

(For the Messenger)

"YOU never saw a quieter class," said Miss Jones as she passed Mrs. Barrow on the way to her desk. The bell had rung and believe me, you could have heard a pin drop. Mrs. Barrow smiled back; she understood. Hadn't she taught school for three years, until she had met Frank Barrows? Any other time books would have been brought out with speed and noise, but now——

The class was in expectation, their first Valentine Party. What would it be like?

"Children—" began Miss Jones. There was a slight stir in the seats. The silence was broken.

"I will first of all read you the story of St. Valentine," and in a deep, rich voice she began.

The children listened spellbound to the tale, breathing in and out together like one person. When it was finished, they clapped for more, but Miss Jones held up a warning hand. Soon a dead silence reigned over them.

"No," she declared firmly. "I believe you have done very well to sit still so long, so how about a few games?"

A great cry responded to her announcement.

Soon a lively game of tag was started, followed by numerous other favorites among school-children. When Miss Jones rang the bell, the breathless, excited children retired to their seats, their faces wreathed in happy smiles.

As soon as all was quiet Miss Jones announced that the pupils of the 7th and 8th grades had prepared a surprise for them.

FIRST of all a few sheets were hung hung across one corner of the schoolroom. Miss Tate, the teacher of the two grades explained that they were going to present a play entitled "Valentine", also that the space the sheets hid from view was the stage.

After a brief pause the teacher drew back the sheeds. Out strutted Valentine in rather big trousers, red velvet cap, heart-shaped, also tight waistcoat with buttons, almost bursting off. Long full sleeves completed his costume. In his hands he carried a large bouquet, which he distributed among some children playing by the roadside. He presented them with majestic words. This was a sort of introduction.

This was followed by many scenes, much to the children's delight. When at last Valentine bowed so low, he burst three buttons off his waistcoat; the children clapped him back. The play was shown twice and Miss Tate was pleased at the success.

This Week's Star Correspondent

EILEEN LANG

Honorable Mention

MARJORIE OYLER

THE children's kind teacher soon arranged a few Valentine games formed in three merry bunches.

Each group was busy at a game that had been prepared beforehand. When all groups had finished they moved on to another game. The games were the following and caused much excitement.

Draw a heart blindfolded. Toss wire hearts through a large wire heart covered with red paper. With a hairpin pick up pierced hearts and drop in tumbler. When every group had been around, Miss Jones brought out heart shaped cookies, iced with pink frosting and red candy hearts.

After these had been passed around the children gave their teacher three cheers—sang the parting hymn and departed for home.

Many a tousled head remembered their first Valentine party for years after that and many a child went to sleep humming their parting hymn under her breath and thinking of that glorious afternoon.

———: (O) :———

TO MARGARET WELDIN FROM ELLA REIBEL

Dear Margaret,—I saw your letter to the Chums' Page. So I decided to write to you. I was thirteen on Feb. 7. I am in Grade Seven. What color is your hair? Mine is fair. Can you skate? I can a little. I am just learning.

I have to walk a mile and a half to school. How far do you? I guess I had better leave room for other Chums, so goodby,—Ella Reibel, Ont.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I have been reading in the Chums' Mail Bag for a long time and wanted to write a letter. I only write to two other girls. These are Alice, my sister, who is going to school over in Massachusetts, and my cousin who is also over in Massachusetts. I have an uncle out in California and he usually writes on a postcard, so I have quite a few post-cards. My grandmother has taken the Northern Messenger for over fifty years. She thinks it a fine paper, and so do I. I like the story of the Finding of Lost Mine, and Poor Man's Fortune very much. My grandfather is superintendent of the Sunday School and we also take the Northern Messenger in our S.S. We are making a scrap-book in our S.S. class. There are eight girls in my S.S. class. We have lots of snow here now, and we go to S.S. in the sleigh. I live three miles from the church.

Our horse's name is Billy. He is black and we all love him. My favorite author is Grace Livingstone Hill. She writes such lovely books. I would like to have a pen-pal. Lovingly,—Marjorie Oyler, N.S.

THE KING'S SHOEMAKER

By NETTIE MUNRO GEORGE.

LONG ago, before the time when factories, made all the boots and shoes, there lived in a little seaport town, a poor shoemaker who made the shoes for the fishermen and sailors.

This man had a great admiration for the King who was ruling his country at that time. He read all he could about him and had his little shop decorated with pictures of his majesty that he had cut from various magazines and newspapers.

He had begun early in his apprenticeship to pretend he was making shoes for this king. And he made it a strict rule to make each pair better than the one before.

He had kept this up year after year and now there was no shoemaker who could turn out such a comfortable, watertight, good-looking shoe as he could.

His shoes sold quickly and he was becoming rich but he still did not lessen his attempt to improve each pair he made.

Now this king liked a long sea voyage and would often go in disguise. Once while on a trip like this as an ordinary seaman he noticed a sailor's boots. Never had he seen a pair so well made. He wanted a pair right away and secured the address of the shoemaker. He called on him as soon as he landed in that port and asked to be measured for a pair just like his fellow sailor's.

Although in disguise the shoemaker knew him at once. His hand trembled so he could not hold the measure. The king laughed good naturedly and told him, "Cheer up, my friend. A workman such as you are should not be afraid to make shoes even for a king."

The humble shoemaker had his reward,—he was to make shoes for his king.

He had been preparing for this event all his working days and when he had fitted himself for the great service, the king had found him.

THE PLAYER FROM ELMDALE

(Continued from Page 3.)

Elmdale subs: Stanley, Winters, Dixon and Connors.

Charley Scott, the referee, gave the signal. And the game began!

In the first face-off Slim Jackson got the puck, passing it to Tom Evans. Tom was checked by Harvey Nault, who secured the rubber and crossed into Silver Lake territory. Over the Beaver blueline, he put on a sudden burst of speed, ducked past Hiram Woodard, and drove a sizzling shot at the Silver Lake cage. Alex's block was only partly successful, for he merely managed to drive out the puck a few yards into the possession of Dick Carter.

Alex blocked Dick's first shot, then, as the puck rebounded to his stick, Dick drove again, neatly passing Alex and putting away the puck. First goal to the Tigers, after less than a minute of play!

"Carter! Carter! Carter!" yelled the jubilant Elmdale fans. Doris waved her banner and shouted with the rest, but in her heart was a puzzled wonderment. Proud although she was of her brother's prowess, she doubted if he could have made that goal had Granite Wall Warren been in Alex's place. Where, oh where, was George?

That was what Tom was asking himself bitterly, too, as he tried to reorganize the Silver Lake defence. That was what the rest of the squad were thinking, also.

Into Alex's mind flashed an ugly suspicion. He tried to cast it out, but it persisted, clinging like a leech. Had his first doubts of George's loyalty been justified, after all? Surely not? Surely, Granite Wall's explanation had rung true. Granite Wall couldn't be a traitor. And yet—

"If he's true-blue, why isn't he here now?" thought Alex. "He knows how

(Please Turn to Page 16.)

MAKES A *Delicious* MEAL

More than 60 different kinds of Canadian Food Fish and Shellfish can be served in a great variety of excellent recipes, easy to prepare and as tasty as can be. You can get Fish, no matter where you live, all the year round. Choose it, either fresh, frozen, smoked, dried, canned or pickled, according to your preference, and you will find that modern methods of handling and transportation have brought you all its original "tang" and savour.

Serve fish often. It is good for your family, and they will vote it delicious . . . they will find it hard to decide which way of serving fish they like best.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, OTTAWA.

Department of Fisheries, Ottawa. 950

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ANY DAY A FISH DAY

Apostle of Love Marches On

Tribute to HARRY L. PADDON, M.D., *in the Church of England Newspaper.*

AS a boy of eight years old, during a summer holiday spent among the fishing boats at Sheringham, Harry Paddon declared his firm intention of going as a missionary to fishermen some day. This aim was fostered in his student days by the event of a visit to Repton by Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador, whose enthusiasm proved infectious in the case of one boy. Later, as a medical student at St. Thomas Hospital, he followed Grenfell's example by repeatedly visiting the trawlers on the North Sea. There he was entirely at home among the fishermen he loved.

One year only did he allow himself for experience as a qualified doctor in England, and then away after the leader of his choice to Labrador.

To Sir Wilfred Grenfell and his colleagues on the coast, as to many another, the news of his sudden death has seemed incredible. Only this last summer did not Harry Paddon meet his "Old Chief," as he loved to call him, there on the Labrador coast, after a lapse of years? Were they not still as of old, the master and his disciple? —both now grey-headed, the younger doctor of the two carrying the heavier responsibilities.

Like his chief he, too, was now the loved and respected doctor, magistrate, Chief Scout, often the unordained clergyman, ministering to the Labrador folk in any and every way. Only last summer (1939) he again acted as skipper on the motor-boat *Maraval,* visiting and collecting patients up and down that heavily indented coast.

HIS CREED

HIS creed was summed up in a recent letter home, thus: "I believe in God" *must* be followed by "I believe in man"; and it was in the practice of this faith that the secret of his strength lay. Loving God he loved his neighbor also; and his life was spent in relating man to God and God to man, by means of the gospel of love. To seek to save souls without aiming at the uplift of the whole man, in body and mind, was to the doctor to come short of Christ's own example.

So he showed by every practical means what love meant. He taught the community of North-West River and far beyond, the value of work. Handwork was made an industrial success.

Farming, on the small scale possible on such barren rock, was initiated, even to the point of installing a bull and a cow (never before seen in Labrador), even to pigs and poultry; and though eight months of winter to four months of summer make farming difficult, Dr. Paddon convinced the sceptical of its practicability; agriculture also, raising thousands of green vegetable plants each brief summer, so giving the people of his district much-needed vitamins and the new interest of growing food for health.

The people were taught by Mrs. Paddon to bottle and turn into jam the abundant berries of the coast hitherto neglected.

No one need now be a pauper where the Grenfell Mission Houses stand. All must work to repay benefits received. All are taught to thank the Heavenly Giver for health restored. All must learn to be helpful members of the community. For all this the Grenfell Mission stands, and for this its founder was honored.

TENACITY OF PURPOSE

TENACITY of purpose was Harry Paddon's outstanding characteristic —to persevere until success was reached. For well over a quarter of a century did he work along these lines, and now the well-equipped mission at North-West River testifies to this perseverance — this giving that never counted the cost.

The sympathy of all will go out to that community and to the wide district which he served in their irreparable loss of a loved leader, friend, and doctor, as well as to the companion and seconder of all his efforts on their behalf and to the four young sons so suddenly bereft of their father. For truly the family life at North-West River, Labrador, has been to all the best example of the gospel which Harry Paddon taught and practised.

I CARE

THE editors and readers of the MESSENGER have taken a keen interest in the work of Dr. Grenfell and his helpers—among them the late Dr. Paddon—in Labrador. The original gift of the boat, "Northern Messenger" from readers who "cared" has been followed up by regular contributions to a fund to help in its upkeep.

Your contribution will help too.

* * *

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION
NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

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ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. On the Mount of Olives overlooking Jerusalem, on the evening of Tuesday in Holy Week.
2. To His twelve disciples.
3. That God trusts people with gifts and opportunities and that they must use them in His service.
4. Yes. He gives us many gifts and many opportunities.
5. By loving God, by doing our duty, by learning, by helping others.
6. Matthew 25:21.

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would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

GOOSE'S HISTORY

Circle. One in centre tells a story about a goose. Everytime he mentions "Drake" all must clap once. If he mentions "Doctor" they must clap twice. If he mentions both together clap three times. Those making mistakes are "out" or pay a forfeit.

LAME FOX

Players are chickens with "coop" (safety base). One is Fox with "den". Chickens can feed near den. Fox rushes out to catch them. He can only take three paces from den, then must "hop". All caught become foxes.

BIBLE NUMBERS

1. Moses was in the mountain — days and — nights.
2. Samson's wedding feast lasted — days.
3. Samson promised — changes of raiment if the Philistines could guess his riddle.
4. There were — disciples.
5. — baskets full were taken up after the feeding of the 5,000.
6. The New Jerusalem had — gates.

NAMES

From what places do the following get their names:

1. Brussels Sprouts.
2. Finnan Haddies.
3. Maltese Cross.
4. Calico.
5. Leghorn Hats.
6. Cashmere Shrawls.

LINES

Quote the line following and name each poem with author:

1. I heard the trailing garments of the night
2. Lives of great men all remind us
3. I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
4. Gentle Spring! in sunshine clad
5. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary
6. This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. What two kings toured Canada last summer?
2. What kind of fruit did Noah have in his ark?
3. When are the streets in a town most greasy?
4. Why is a reckless investment a smaller thing than a slice of bacon?
5. Why doesn't a joke last as long as a church bell?
6. When is a chair that has been repaired like a bill that has been paid?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

More Old Riddles.—1. Because it was written by Harriet Beecher Stowe (Harriet Beecher's toe!). 2. One misses the train and the other trains the misses. 3. On the other side. 4. Because it dosen't run long without winding. 5. A little before Eve. 6. Because it makes men mean.

Bible Puzzle.—1. Abel was killed by Cain. 2. Moses was put in an ark of bullrushes. 3. David killed Goliath. 4. Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego were thrown into a fiery furnace. 5. Shem, Ham and Japheth. 6. Ahab was King of (Northern) Israel.

Rhyming Riddle.—Saint Valentine's Day. (day, quaint, saint).

Gasps and Giggles

IL DUCE

"I understand you're the postmaster, shopkeeper, Justice of the Peace, and County Councillor for this district," said the visitor to the old Highland village.

"Ay, sir," replied the native, "ye might say I am the Mussolini of Glenoghty!"

She: "Mother and dad think we ought to wait at least a month before we get married."

He: "But I dislike long engagements.'"

She: "So do I—but we've got to give them enough time to find a larger apartment."

Maud: "Clarence is so romantic. Every time he speaks to me he says 'Fair Lady'."

Madge: "There's nothing very romantic about that. He's a bus conductor."

Arthur was being drilled in arithmetic by his primary teacher. "If I put eleven nuts in your hands, and you eat four, how many will you have?" she asked Arthur.

"Eleven," said Arthur.

"But can that be true if you've eaten four? Think again."

"Yes," insisted Arthur. "I'll have eleven. Four inside and seven outside."

ANATOMY

AN old newspaper clipping brought to light in Saint John, N.B., contained the following essay on "bones" purportedly written by a small boy:

"Bones is the latticework on whitch the body grows. If you don't have sum bones you would be shaped like a custard py. If I didn't have no bones I wouldn't have so much motion and my teacher would be pleased. But I like to have motion, especially in this pay-as-you-enter suit that ma hired for me.

"If my bones wuz stuck together with wire in the right places it would make a skeletum. I am mighty glad my skeletum was put on the inside before I was finished, because it looks better there, and if my bones wuz on the outside and I fell down, I would break everything in the place.

"There is a grate many different kinds of bones. There is the crazy bon, the wish bone, the soup bone, the trombone, and the backbone. The backbone is just inside the skin on the other side from the front side and is filed wth rubber.

"The backbone is made up of bumps with spaces in between where the bumps is left out. When your skates fly out in front of you and you sit down on the ice, one end of the backbone is at the lowest side of the head (if it don't bumpt up through) and the other is at the upper side of the ice.

"There is another bone called the skull. The skull has bumps, too, sometimes there is branes on the inside of the skull.

"Bones don't grow solid like limbs on a tree cause they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. There is a good many kinds of joints. They grease themselves and don't squeak.

"The bones that hold your lungs in are called slats. They run around you. east and west. When bones is ground up fine they make good fertilizer; it gives me a lonesome skattered feelin' and brings tears to my eyes too think that some day I might be used on an onion patch.

"That's all."—C. P.

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Ginger Ale Tea Punch

Make 1 1-4 cups tea, using 2 teaspoonfuls tea leaves. Dissolve in it 1 cup sugar, add 3-4 cup orange juice, 1-3 cup lemon juice, 1 pint ginger ale, 1 pint club soda, few orange slices. Serve iced in punch bowl. Makes 1 1-2 quarts.

Spoon Corn Bread

Serves 8-10

1 cup buttermilk or lemon soured milk
1 cup sweet milk
1 cup water
1 cup corn meal
1 egg
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup browned butter

Mix and bake in a casserole 40 minutes at 350 degrees F. Serve with a spoon in place of potatoes. The browned butter gives this bread a very delicious flavor.

SOYBEANS

Soybeans have become so popular for eating, that they are scarcely a novelty. There is such a difference in the way the various kinds cook up that what might be said about one wouldn't apply to another.

Don't expect them to be just like the green and dried beans you have been accustomed to. The soybeans are almost all protein, making them much more desirable from a health standpoint, than the others.

If dried soybeans are soaked a little then fried in deep fat and salted, they make a delicious tidbit to use instead of salted nuts.—M. Cooper's Gardening Magazine.

The Romance of Dishwashing

J. ELLEN BAKER

"HOW did you teach Rose Lee to be so happy while doing the dishes? She is in the kitchen now humming while she polishes the plates. If it were my Peggy, she would be disagreeable and annoying, so that she wouldn't have to do them again soon." This was said by Mrs. Maiton, a neighbor, the mother of an eight-year-old girl who called anything like work, drudgery.

"Rose Lee was like most little girls at first," I answered. "She 'hated dishes' as she expressed it and did everything she could to keep from doing them. One day after a rebellious outburst because I asked her to wash a few dishes, I realized I must face the problem that I had seen developing. There was also a growing tendency to dislike all kinds of housework.

"I decided I would be a chum to her and not be the dictator that I had been. We would play together, discover things together and work together.

"That afternoon I called her in and served sandwiches and tea. I used my best china, silver, luncheon cloth and napkins.

"Rose Lee's eyes grew big when she saw the beautiful things that she usually wasn't allowed to touch."

"'How lovely!' she exclaimed. 'Can't we do this often?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I'm glad you like it. It was a lot of fun shining the dishes, polishing the silver and making the sandwiches for you. These dishes, silver and linens belonged to your great-grandmother.'

"'Do you suppose Great-grandmother ever gave parties for her little girls?' Rose Lee asked as her eyes devoured the beautiful dishes and silver.

"'Yes, I replied, 'I heard a noted writer tell about going to Grandma's house when a little girl. She said the boys and girls liked to go there because Grandma did things for them as if she enjoyed it. She said she always wanted to be like Grandma, wanted to do the dishes as she did, because Grandma wiped and polished them as if she were caressing them.

"'One day the writer asked her why she was so happy and sang so much while she washed the dishes.

"'This noted writer saw the look of surprise at her question. "I'm doing it for the ones I love best," Grandmother said. "You see, those I love eat out of these dishes day after day and so, day by day, the dishes get more precious. I like to think about the different persons who have eaten from them and remember our happy times together."

"'They could tell real stories if they could talk, couldn't they?' Rose Lee said.

"'Yes, and such jolly ones. One day a stranger stopped and asked for Grandfather. I was about your age then. I told the strange young man where to find him. Pretty soon Grandfather and he came to the house laughing and talking.

"'At the table the young man told stories that made us all laugh. We often wondered afterwards what had become of him. Then one day Grandmother opened the door, and there he stood. He was older, but as jolly as ever. He told Grandmother that he had come many miles out of his way in order to see the family again. He hadn't forgotten their pleasant day together and wanted to sit at their table once more.

"'After he left he sent Grandmother this lovely silver tea set.'

"The next day Rose Lee asked to help me prepare our tea. I noticed that her little fingers handled everything as if it were precious. And now she enjoys doing the things she once disliked so much."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

ENGLISH DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

NEITHER in Canada nor Great Britain do children drink enough milk for perfect health. This fact has long been stressed by the medical profession.

In England, there has been a strong agitation to increase the consumption of milk and the movement has presented a dilemma to the doctors.

They know how essential milk is for the growth of children, but on the other hand they also know how dangerous milk can be when it is not made safe by pasteurization. In the absence of compulsory pasteurization they have to refrain from urging the use of the one food they realize is most needed.—Health League of Canada.

TIRED FEET

PERHAPS you suffer from tired feet? the wonder cure is the world's cheapest, and it means soaking them in hot water to which sea salt has been added, for five minutes once a day, and then drying and rubbing over with eau de Cologne. It gives the most wonderful sensation.

You can toughen the heels with castor oil, or with a nightly application of methylated spirits. Once they have got tough they will stand up to almost any work you like to give to them, and thrive on it. For corns,—how they can hurt!—soak in hot water with a packet of pine salts added, then dry and paint with iodine. You'll get immediate relief. And keep a spot of colorless iodine by you so that you may deal with those very painful red lumps which sometimes come at the back of the heel and give you such torture.—Montreal Star.

Northern Messenger

FEBRUARY 16, 1940.

"OPEN OUR DOORS"

AT a meeting of the Montreal branch of the Canadian National Committee on Refugees, the resolution was passed:

"That this meeting go on record as favoring a more liberal policy on the admission of refugees from political and religious persecution and from the theatre of war, particularly in view of the fact that we are of the opinion that such persons would be an asset to this country, and that it would be of material help to Great Britain and France to be relieved of their care in time of war; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Minister of Immigration and Colonization at Ottawa."

Bishop Carlisle spoke in favor of the resolution. Rev. Dr. Ritchie, explaining the present situation in regard to refugees, declared that the Canadian Government was now following a "frozen policy." Up to now we have done nothing, he stated, except permitting the entry of especially qualified immigrants. He suggested that Canada could render a great service to the Mother Land at the present time by relieving her of the care of some 7,800 children now in refugee camps there. Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the Empire were doing their share. It was now up to Canada to do her part, he said.

Some time ago we commented on Lord Marley's plea for a generous immigration policy and we are glad to refer again to this important matter.

Dr. Ritchie's suggestion that Canada could help the Mother Land through relieving her of the care of some of the thousands of refugee children is especially worthy of attention.

Here we have opportunity to pick immigrants whom we could train to be loyal citizens of Canada and who in a few years would be able to take their places in building up our common country. We profess as a nation to be guided by Christian principles. Here is an opportunity to receive some of Christ's "little ones" in His Name.

"TEACH PEOPLE TO THINK"

WHEN Dr. Grenfell went to Labrador "to preach the kingdom of God and heal the sick," he found the fisher folk in an unfortunate condition economically and socially as well as physically.

In helping people to help themselves, Dr. Grenfell led them "to think." This must always be the real purpose of education. Democracy must have a thinking people or it becomes a "many headed monster thing", dangerous to itself and to its rulers. A people who do not think either follow the claptrap of self-seeking politicians—as has happened too often in so-called democracies,—or they become the prey of "dictators"—as has come about in some European countries. In either case, the country comes to ruin.

After the Russian defeat by the Japanese in 1905, Count Tolstoy addressed a little book primarily to Russia and then to Europe. Its title was "Bethink Yourselves!" It contained a warning which has been strangely fulfilled in the last twenty-five years. The power of sustained thought is one of the things that marks man off from the lower creation. Let us learn to think!

We Can't Be Neutral

By REV. F. H. WILKINSON

"WE should not delude ourselves into thinking that, because we defeat Nazism and Communism, we have destroyed the worst forms of nihilism. There is a worse destruction and that is the destruction of ourselves by ourselves."

Speaking on the subject, "Is Neutral Christianity Possible"? Mr. Wilkinson said that the blessings of Christianity had been won by the wholehearted Christians "who like so many gallant men in the last war and this war counted not their lives dear to themselves. Self sacrifice was preferred by them to self-satisfaction, self-indulgence, and self-preservation." '

It was not enough, he said, to defend Christianity from without. It must also be defended from within. "If Christianity is to survive, it must revive as a new conviction, power and spirit, in the hearts and minds of individual men and women."

"Only a whole-hearted acceptance of Christ, His mind and spirit by every man and every woman can liberate His power and renew the foundations of Christian civilization."

The present armed conflict, he said, was a struggle to determine whether civilization should be Christian or pagan. Even neutral nations had to decide whether they prefer the tyranny of oppression or the liberty and ideals of Christian democracy.

"Within the ranks of the Christian democracies there are scores of people who accept the benefits that Christianity has brought to civilization, who not only disclaim any responsibility in maintaining the Christian standards of life and thought but who deny the reality of the Christian religion." This, he suggested, offered threat of a worse destruction than that by Naziism and Communism.

"The shortest way in the destruction of Christian democracy is to reject or ignore the power and spirit of Christianity and to rear a generation which knows not Christ."

"At present," Mr. Wilkinson said, "over a billion people in Africa and Asia can neither read nor write. Are they to learn the gospel of hate or the gospel of love? What is sown in their minds the rest of the world will reap. The destiny of our civilization will be determined for evil or for good by our half-heartedness, or by our wholehearted sincerity."

The situation was summed up in a quotation from Viscount Bryce in "Modern Democracies": "If the spiritual oxygen which has kept alive the attachment to liberty and self-government in the minds of the people becomes exhausted, will not the flame burn low and perhaps flicker out? Without faith nothing is accomplished and hope is the mainspring of faith. Throughout the course of history every winter of despondency has been followed by a joyous springtime of hope."
—Newspaper Reports.

HE PLAYED A MAN'S PART

Shown here being congratulated by a police sergeant as he left the Admiralty Office in London is Malcolm Morrison, 18-year-old deckboy, whose conduct after the torpedoing of the British steamer Arlington Court won him his country's praise. He took charge of a waterlogged lifeboat carrying five other survivors and for six days never left the tiller except to take a turn at the oars to warm himself. He set his course with a small compass and was entering a busy shipping lane when sighted and picked up by a Norwegian tanker.

PLAYER FROM ELMDALE

(Continued from Page 11.)

important this game is. He knows, too, that its loss might lose us the championship. Then, why isn't he here?"

Alex wanted to be fair to George. He tried to tell himself that he must reserve judgment. Maybe Granite Wall had met with an accident, maybe—oh well, he'd know before long. He mustn't go haywire; he must keep his mind on the game.

Play had resumed. For the moment Alex could breathe more freely. Tom had the puck and was putting on one of his famous five man power plays. It proved a winner, too! After a brief, fierce scrimmage before the Elmdale cage, Bruce Macey, catching a loose puck, smashed it past Wallace into the lefthand corner of the goal. A tying score!

During the remainder of that first period the two teams fought a resolute but indecisive duel. No further goals were tallied, the period ending with the score still even at one all.

"We're holding 'em," muttered Tom grimly, as the squads prepared to go into the second period—"but that's all. Alex is playing a fine game, yet there's no blinking the fact that he's not so good as Granite Wall. And it looks as if George isn't coming. Where ever can he be?"

Doris beckoned again to Slim Jackson. Slim's face was hard as he obeyed the summons.

"I wonder where George is?" she asked in a low voice. "What ever can be delaying him?"

Slim shook his head.

"That's what we all want to know," he replied bitterly. Then—with a sudden glance of suspicion, he flashed sharply: "You wouldn't know, yourself, would you Doris?"

"Me? Why no, of course not! What do you mean, Slim?"

(To Be Continued)

EXPRESS 100 YEARS OLD

In 1839 Frederick William Hornden operated the first express service between Boston and New York, carrying express matter in a carpet bag. Then followed the pony express, the pony with his picturesque rider being superseded when railways were extended to the West. The final development of the fast express was exemplified when the first plane of Trans-Canada Air Lines, inaugurating regular daily survey flights between Moncton and Montreal arrived here carrying express. A pageant held at the local airport illustrated the various stages of express service.

This recalled the first plane flight in the British Empire which took place near Baddeck, in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, in 1909, with J. A. D. McCurdy at the controls. The plane was the result of experiments carried on by the late Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and his associates of whom McCurdy was one.

Homes for the Homeless

Although 400,000 refugees have been rescued from Germany since the Hitler regime came into power, at the end of August there were 340,000 other sufferers who should be evacuated from that country, Lord Marley computed. Of those already rescued some 50,000 have been permanently settled in Europe and 140,000 are awaiting re-emigration. Further, 70,000 have gone to Palestine, about the same number are in the United States, although roughly 50,000 of this number are not permanently settled yet, while South America has taken 50,000 and various parts of the British Empire have given homes to between 15,000 and 20,000.

The non-Church-goer who says he is just as good as those who attend Divine Service needs a tonic. He *is* a torpid *liver*. He is indolent physically (which is bad), mentally (which is worse), and Spiritually (which is worst).—S. Brannen.

Peace in Conflict

Peace does not mean the end of all our striving;
Joy does not mean the drying of our tears.
Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving
Up to the light where God Himself appears.

Joy is the wine that God is ever pouring
Into the hearts of those that strive with Him,
Opening their eyes to vision and adoring,
Strengthening their arms to warfare glad and grim.

Give me for light the sunshine of Thy sorrow,
Give me for shelter the shadow of Thy cross,
Give me to share the glory of tomorrow,
And gone from my heart is the bitterness of loss.

—*Studdert Kennedy.*